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BOUGHT
FROM THE GIFT OF
CHARLES HERBERT THURBER

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LESSONS
FOR
CHILDREN.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART. III.

BEING THE SECOND FOR CHILDREN

OR

THREE YEARS OLD.

SECOND EDITION.

BOSTON:
WELLS AND LILLY—COURT-STREET.

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1825.

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FROM THE GIFT OF
CHARLES HERBERT THURBER
JUN 29 1927

Mrs. Anna Letitia (Helen) Barlow

LESSONS
FOR CHILDREN.

Of three years old.

CHARLES, what a clever thing it is to read ! a little while ago, you know, you could only read little words ; and

you were forced to
spell them——c—a—t,
cat; d—o—g, dog.—
Now you can read
pretty stories, and I
am going to write you
some.

Do you know why
you are better than

puss? Puss can play as well as you ; and Puss can drink milk, and lie upon the carpet ; and she can run as fast as you, and faster too, a great deal ; and she can 'climb trees better ; and she can catch mice, which you

cannot do. But can Puss talk? No. Can Puss read? No. Then that is the reason why you are better than Puss—because you can talk and read. Can Pierrot your dog, read? No. Will you teach him? Take the pin and

point to the words.—
No—he will not learn.
I never saw a little dog
or cat learn to read.—
But little boys can
learn. If you do not
learn, Charles, you are
not good for half as
much as a puss. You
had better be drowned.

What a clock is it, Charles? It is twelve o'clock. It is noon, Come in the garden then. Now where is the sun? Turn your face towards him.— Look at the sun! that is south. Always when

it is twelve o'clock,
and you look at the
sun, your face is to-
wards the south. Now
turn to your left hand.
Look forwards. That
is east. In the morn-
ing, when it is going
to be light, you must
look just there, and

presently you will see the sun get up. Always in the morning look there for the sun ; for the sun rises in the east. Now turn your back to the sun. Look straight forwards. That is north. Now turn to your left hand.

Look forwards. That is west. When you have had your supper, and it is going to be night, look for the sun just there. He is always there when he goes to bed, for the sun sets in the west.

North, south, east, west.

**The wind blows.—
Which way does the
wind blow? Take out
your handkerchief.—
Throw it up. The
wind blows it this way.
The wind comes from
the north. The wind**

is north. It is a cold wind. The wind was west yesterday; then it was warm.

Rain comes from the clouds. Look, there are black clouds. How fast they move

along! Now they have hidden the sun. They have covered up the sun, just as you cover up your face when you throw a handkerchief over it. There is a little bit of blue sky still. Now there is no blue sky at all : it is

all black with the clouds. It is very dark, like night. It will rain soon. Now it begins. What large drops ! The ducks are very glad, but the little birds are not glad ; they go and shelter themselves under the

trees. Now the rain is over. It was only a shower. Now the flowers smell sweet, and the sun shines, and the little birds sing again, and it is not so hot as it was before it rained.

We will drink tea
out of doors. Bring
the tea things. Come,
fetch your hat. It is
very pleasant. But
here is no table.—
What must we do?
O, here is a large

round stump of a tree, it will do very well for a table. But we have no chairs. Here is a seat of turf, and a bank almost covered with violets; we shall sit here, and you and Billy may lie on the carpet. The carpet is

in the parlour. Yes, there is a carpet in the parlour, but there is a carpet here too. What is it? The grass is the carpet out of doors. Pretty green soft carpet! and it is very large, for it spreads every where,

over all the fields, and
over all the meadows :
and it is very pleasant
for the sheep and the
lambs to lie down
upon. I do not know
what they would do
without it, for they
have no feather-bed to
sleep upon.

It is a pleasant evening. Come hither, Charles, look at the sun. The sun is in the West. Yes, because he is going to set. How pretty the sun looks ! We can

look at him now ; he is not so bright as he was at dinner-time, when he was up high in the sky. And how beautiful the clouds are ! There are crimson clouds, and purple and gold-coloured clouds. Now the sun

is going down a great
pace. Now we can
see only half of him.
Now we cannot see
him at all. Fare-
well, sun ! till to-mor-
row morning.

But now, Charles,
turn your face the

other way, to the east.
What is it that shines
so behind the trees ?
Is it a fire ? No, it is
the moon. It is very
large ; and how red it
is ! like blood. The
moon is round now,
because it is full
moon ; but it will not

be so round to-mor-
row night ; it will
lose a little bit : and
the next night it will
lose a little bit more ;
and more the next
night ; and so on till
it is like your bow
when it is bent : and
it will not be seen till

after you are in bed :
and it will grow less
and less, till in a
fortnight there will be
no moon at all.—

Then, after that, there
will be a new moon ;
and you will see it
in the afternoon ; and
it will be very thin

at first, but it will grow rounder and bigger every day, till at last, in another fortnight, it will be a full moon again like this, and you will see it rise again behind the trees.

Do you know what raisins are ? They are grapes, dried a great deal. Grapes, you know, grow upon vines ; but raisins are made of larger grapes than those upon the

vine in the garden :
they come from a
great way off. Do
you know what sugar
comes from? Sugar
comes from a cane
like a walking stick,
that grows in the
ground; they squeeze
the juice out, and boil

it a great deal, and
that makes sugar.—

And what is tea? Tea
is a leaf that grows
upon a shrub, and
that is dried a good
deal.

Charles wants some bread and butter—But the bread is not baked. Then bid Christopher Clump heat his oven and bake it—But the loaf is not kneaded. Then bid little

**Margery take the
dough and knead it—
But the flour is not
ground. Then take it
to the mill, and bid
Roger the miller grind
it—But the corn is
not threshed. Then
bid John Dobbins take
his flail and thresh it**

—But the corn is not reaped. Then bid Dick Clodpole take his sickle and cut it—
—But the wheat is not sown. Then bid Farmer Diggory take the seed and sow it—
But the field is not plowed. Then bid

**Ralph Wiseacre take
the horses and plough
it—But the plough is
not made. Then go
to Humphey Hiccory
the carpenter, and bid
him make one—But
there is never a
plough-share. Then
bid Firebrass the**

smith go to his anvil
and beat one—But we
have no butter. Then
go to market, Susan,
and buy some—But
the butter is not
churned. Then take
your churn, Dolly,
and churn some—But
the cow is not milked.

**Then take your pail,
Cicely, and milk it.—
Now, Betty, pray
spread Charles a slice
of bread and butter.**

**Little birds eat seeds
and fruits.**

Partridges eat corn.

**Wolves devour sheep.
Blackbirds peck cher-
ries.**

The Otter eats fish.

The Calf sucks milk.

**The Weasel sucks
eggs.**

Squirrels crack nuts.

Foxes eat chickens.

**Men eat every thing,
corn, and fruit, and
mutton, and fish, and
eggs, and milk, and
chickens.**

**The Tiger makes his
lair in the thick fo-
rests, by the banks of
the Ganges.**

The Cameleopard stalks over the vast plains of Africa; he lifts his long neck, and brouses the trees as he walks.

The Ostrich runs swiftly over the burning sands of Monomotapa.

The Rhinoceros loves to wallow and roll himself in the wet mud, by the banks of large rivers, and in wet marshes.

The Chamois of Switzerland would pine if he could not snuff the

keen air of the mountains.

The little Ermine runs about in the frozen deserts of Siberia; she is white like the snow that is marked by her little feet.

The Humming-bird of Jamaica could not

live in our woods ; a frosty night would kill him directly.

The rein-deer lives in Lapland ; he scrapes away the snow with his feet to get at a little moss which he lives upon ; he would die if you were to expose

**him to the warm sun
of Persia or Hindos-
tan.**

**Wild Geese, and wild
Ducks, and Plovers,
live in fens and marsh-
es.**

**Man can live every
where, in cold Norway
or Lapland, in hot**

**Guinea or Persia; in
hilly countries, or
marshy plains; he can
bear as much heat as
the Ostrich, and as
much cold as the Rein-
deer.**

**The Sheep has a
fleece to keep him
warm.**

**The Beaver has a
thick fur.**

**The Horse has hair,
and a fine mane ; how
it flows over his**

neck, and waves in the
wind.

The Ox has a thick
hide.

The Ducks have
feathers ; thick, close
feathers.

Puss has a warm
fur ; put your hands

upon it, it is like a muff.

The snail has a shell to shelter him from the cold.

Has the little boy got any thing?

No; nothing but a soft thin skin; a pin would scratch it and

make it bleed, poor little naked boy !

**But the little boy
has got every thing ;
fur, and wool, and hair,
and feathers ; your coat
is made of warm wool,
shorn from the sheep,
your hat is the fur of
the rabbit and the bea-**

ver, and your shoes are made of skin.

Look at this green tall plant; do you think it would make you a garment ?

No indeed.

But your shirt is made of such a plant;

your shirt was growing once in the fields.

In some countries they make clothes of the bark of trees.

Men can make things ; the sheep and the ducks cannot spin and weave, that is the reason 'why the little boy

has only his soft naked skin.

Come, let us go home,
it is evening. See,
Mamma! how tall my
shadow is. It is like
a great black giant
stalking after me.

Your shadow is tall because the sun is low in the sky ; it is near sunset. Look at your shadow to-morrow at noon, and you will find it a great deal shorter.

In some countries the sun is directly over their heads at noon,

and then they have no shadow at all.

If the sun were just over your head it would be hotter than you could bear.

Why is that? is not the sun nearer us when it sinks down towards the fields, than when

**it is a great way up
in the sky ?**

**No ; the sun does
not really touch the
fields, but he seems to
do so, because you can
see nothing between
them.**

**But we are got home.
Come in. Now put**

your eye level with the table. Look at the globe that hangs at the other end of the room : Does it not appear to touch the table ? Yes it does. But if it was held above the table it would not appear to touch. No. So it is

with the Sun. But why is it hotter when the sun is over our heads? Because his rays come directly down upon you. Come and stand just against the middle of this fire. Now stand at the same distance sideways.—

Did not you feel it hotter when you stood quite opposite? Yes; it scorched my face.— Well, at noon the sun sends down his scorching rays, like a number of burning arrows directly down upon you; but in the even-

ing and the morning they come more slanting, and fewer of them reach you. That is the reason why it is hotter at noon: the sun is always at the same distance, more thousands of miles off than you can count.

Charles, do not you remember the caterpillar we put into a paper box, with some mulberry leaves for it to eat? Let us go and look at it. It is gone—here is no caterpil-

lar—there is something in the box; what is it? I do not know.—It is a little ball of yellow stuff. Let us cut it open, perhaps we may find the caterpillar. No, here is nothing but a strange little grub, and it is dead, I

believe, for it does not move. Pinch it gently by the tail. Now it stirs : it is not dead quite. Charles, this grub is your caterpillar ; it is indeed.— That yellow stuff is silk. The caterpillar spun all that silk, and

covered itself up with it; and then it was turned into this grub. Take it, and lay it in the sun: We will come and look at it again to-morrow morning. Well, this is very surprising! here is no grub at all to be found.

Did not we put it on this sheet of paper last night? Yes, we did. And nobody has been in the room to meddle with it. No, nobody at all has been in the room. Is there nothing upon the sheet of paper? Yes, here

is a white butterfly. I wonder how it came here, for the windows are shut. Perhaps the grub is turned into a butterfly. It is, indeed; and look, here is the empty shell of the grub. Here is where the butterfly

came out. But the butterfly is too big ; this shell could not hold him. Yes, it did, because his wings were folded up, and he lay very snug. It is the same, I assure you, Charles ; all the pretty butterflies that

**you see flying about
were caterpillars once,
and crawled on the
ground.**

**Charles, you must
not go out into the
fields by yourself, nor
without leave. You**

are a very little boy,
you know ; and if you
were to venture out
by yourself you would
be lost ; then you
would cry, and night
would come, and it
would be dark, and
you could not find
your way home, and

you would have no
bed ; you would be
forced to lie down in
the fields upon the
cold wet grass, and
perhaps you would die,
and that would be a
sad tale to tell.

I will tell you a sto-
ry about a lamb.—

There was once a shepherd, who had a great many sheep and lambs. He took a great deal of care of them, and gave them sweet fresh grass to eat, and clear water to drink ; and if they were sick he was very

good to them ; and when they climbed up a steep hill, and the lambs were tired, he used to carry them in his arms ; and when they were all eating their suppers in the field, he used to sit upon a stile and play

them a tune, and sing to them ; and so they were the happiest sheep and lambs in the whole world. But every night this shepherd used to pen them up in a fold. Do you know what a sheep-fold is ? Well, I will

tell you. It is a place like the court ; but instead of pales there are hurdles, which are made of sticks that will bend, such as osier twigs ; and they are twisted and made very fast, so that nothing can creep in, and no-

thing can get out.—
Well, and so every
night, when it grew
dark and cold, the
shepherd called all his
flock, sheep and lambs,
together, and drove
them into the fold, and
penned them up, and
there they lay as snug

and warm and comfortable as could be, and nothing could get in to hurt them, and the dogs lay round on the outside to guard them, and to bark if any body came near ; and in the morning the shepherd unpenned

the fold, and let them all out again.

Now they were all very happy as I told you, and loved the shepherd dearly that was so good to them—all except one foolish little lamb. And this lamb did not like

to be shut up every night in the fold ; and she came to her mother, who was a wise old sheep, and said to her, I wonder why we are shut up so every night ! the dogs are not shut up, and why should we be

shut up? I think it is very hard, and I will get away if I can, I am resolved, for I like to run about where I please, and I think it is very pleasant in the woods by moonlight. Then the old sheep said to her, You are

very silly, you little lamb, you had better stay in the fold. The shepherd is so good to us, that we should always do as he bids us; and if you wander about by yourself, I dare say you will come to some harm.

I dare say not, said
the little lamb : and
so when the evening
came, and the shep-
herd called them all
to come into the fold,
she would not come,
but crept sily under
a hedge and hid her-
self; and when the

rest of the lambs were all in the fold and fast asleep, she came out, and jumped, and frisked, and danced about; and she got out of the field, and got into a forest full of trees, and a very fierce wolf came rush-

ing out of a cave and howled very loud.— Then the silly lamb wished she had been shut up in the fold; but the fold was a great way off—and the wolf saw her, and seized her, and carried her away to a dismal dark

den, all covered with bones and blood; and there the wolf had two cubs, and the wolf said to them, Here, I have brought you a young fat lamb—and so the cubs took her, and growled over her a little while, and then

tore her to pieces, and
ate her up.

A Dog is a very
good creature, he loves
his master dearly, and
remembers him a long
while, even if he has not
seen him for a great

many, many years—I wish all little boys loved one another as well as a Dog loves his master—I will tell you a story about a Dog—A great while ago there was a man called Ulysses, he lived in a little island called

**Ithaca; he was king
of the island. And
he had a dog whose
name was Argus; he
was very fond of this
dog, and used to
take him out with
him when he went
abroad; and Argus
used to scour over the**

fields after any thing he saw, and gallop back again to his master swifter than a race-horse, and if his master only said "Poor fellow!" and patted his head, he would be quite happy, and frisk, and bound about him

all day long, and he was well fed and taken great care of. But Ulysses went abroad to fight battles with his enemies, and he was ten years at war, and he was ten years more in getting home to his dear Ithaca, for

he met with a great many strange adventures by the way.— Ten and ten, you know, make twenty, so he had been twenty years away. And when he came to Ithaca, he found that some bad people had taken

possession of his palace, and he was afraid they would kill him. So he disguised himself like a poor Beggar-man, and walked up to the gate with his stick in his hand. Argus was lying in the sun upon a little

straw. He was grown very old now, and could not frolick and bound as he used to do, and nobody had taken good care of him, so that he was very weak, and could hardly raise himself from his straw. How-

ever, he pricked up his ears at the sound of a footstep, and seeing a ragged fellow coming up to the gate was going to bark ; but as Ulysses came nearer, he recollected his step, and looked up in his face and

**knew his old master,
though nobody else
knew him. Then poor
Argus roused himself,
and just made shift
to crawl towards him,
and wagged his tail,
and gazed joyfully in
the face of Ulysses,
and licked his hands,**

and then being quite weak and worn out, fell down and died at his feet.

I heard a curious story the other day, which I am going to tell you. There was

**a Duck and a Drake
who were very fond of
each other. The Duck
was sitting upon her
eggs in the duck-
house, which was pla-
ced on a grass plot
under the parlour win-
dows, and the Drake
was such a good hus-**

band that he staid with her all the time in the duck-house, sitting by her side and quacking to her; and though a duck has not a very musical voice, I dare say she thought his song as harmonious as the nightingale's.—

Well, at length the eggs were hatched, and the little ducklings came out, and then they turned the poor Drake out of the duck-house, for fear he should trample upon his children with his great splay feet, and

hurt them. So he strolled about the grass plot. And next day he met a Hen with a brood of five little chickens. And he took the chickens, which were just hatched, for his own children. And he wanted

to teach them to swim. For the Drake always takes that business upon himself. He leads his young ones to the water, and cuffs and bites them to make them go in, for they are afraid at first. So the Drake went up to

these poor little chickens, and drove them before him down to the pond, which was at the bottom of the lawn. The Hen resisted and scuffled with him as well as she could, but the Drake was a great deal stron-

ger than she, and nobody came to her assistance, though they saw from the house that something was the matter by her fluttering and screaming.— But the Drake was resolved his little ones should learn to swim,

so he pushed them along, with his wings spread out, till he made them all go into the pond, where they were all five found dead the next morning, and the Drake standing by, very much surprised, I dare say, that

his children were so
stupid as to let them-
selves be drowned
rather than learn to
swim.

Yesterday is past, *To-
Day* is here, *To-morrow*
is to come.

**When *To-morrow* is
come, *To-Day* will be
Yesterday.**

**I do not understand
that.**

What is to day ?

Monday.

And to-morrow ?

Tuesday.

Then, on Tuesday,
Monday will be *Yes-*
terday. I have heard
a pretty riddle about
that. What is that,
which was *To-morrow*,
and will be *Yesterday*?
To-day.

Yes. *To-day*, before
it came, was called *To-*

morrow, and when it is gone we shall call it Yesterday.

Will *Yesterday* ever come again?

No never, nor *To-Day*, so pray improve it. A great many Days will come, one after another, but none

of them will be this
Day that is now here.

If I have done any
thing wrong yesterday,
must that always be?

What do you think,
if you write any thing
with ink in this Book,
can you blot it out
again if it is bad?

No, I cannot.

**And so if you have
done something wrong
yesterday, you cannot
blot it out, it must
stand in the book.**

**But I can write bet-
ter in the next page.**

**That you may, and
I hope you will; it is**

**all that a little boy
can do, or a great man
either.**

**Gold is of a deep
yellow colour. It is
very pretty and bright.
It is exceeding heavy ;
heavier than any thing**

else. Men dig it out of the ground. Shall I take my spade and get some? No, there is none in the fields hereabouts: It comes from a great way off; and it lies deeper a great deal than you could dig with your

spade. Guineas are made of gold ; and half guineas. This watch is gold ; and the looking-glass frame, and the picture frames are gilt with gold. Here is some leaf gold. What is leaf gold ? It is gold beaten very thin ;

thinner than leaves or paper.

Silver is white and shining. The spoons are silver ; and the waiter is silver ; and crowns, and half crowns, and shillings, and sixpences, are made of silver. Silver

comes from a great way off too.

Copper is red. The kettle and pots are made of copper; and brass is made of copper. Brass is bright and yellow, like gold almost. This saucepan is made of brass; and

the locks upon the door, and this candlestick. What is this green upon the saucepan? It is rusty; the green is verdigrease; it would kill you if you were to eat it.

Iron is very hard.—
It is not pretty, but I

do not know what we should do without it, for it makes us a great many things. Go and ask the cook whether she can roast her meat without a spit. Well, what does she say? She says she cannot. But the spit is made

of iron; and so are the tongs, and the poker, and shovel. Go and ask Dobbin if he can plough without the plough-share. Well, what does he say? He says No, he cannot.— But the plough-share is made of iron. Will

**iron melt in the fire ?
Put the poker in and
try. Well, is it melted
ed ? No ; but it is red
hot, and soft ; it will
bend. But I will tell
you, Charles ; Iron will
melt in a very, very
hot fire, when it has
been in a great while ;**

then it will melt.—
Come, let us go to the
smith's shop. What is
he doing? He has a
forge: he blows the
fire with a great pair
of bellows to make the
iron hot. Now it is
hot. Now he takes it
out with the tongs, and

puts it upon the anvil.
Now he beats it with
a hammer. How hard
he works ! The sparks
fly about ; pretty bright
sparks ! What is the
blacksmith making ?
He is making nails,
and horseshoes, and a
great many things.

Steel is made of iron. Steel is very bright, and sharp, and hard.

Knives and scissors are made of steel.

Lead is soft, and very heavy. Here is a piece : lift it. There is lead in the case-

ment; and the spout is lead, and the cistern is lead, and bullets are made of lead. Will lead melt in the fire? Try: put some on the shovel: hold it over the fire. Now it is all melted. Pour it into this bason of wa-

**ter. How it hisses !
What pretty things it
has made !**

**Tin is white and soft.
It is bright too. The
canisters, and the drip-
ping pan, and the re-
flector, are all covered
with tin.**

Quicksilver is very bright like silver; and it is very heavy. See how it runs about! You cannot catch it.— You cannot pick it up. There is quicksilver in the barometer.

Gold, Silver, Copper, Iron, Lead, Tin, Quick-

**silver. One, two,
three, four, five, six,
seven—What? Metals
—They are all dug
out of the ground.**

**Marble is dug out of
the ground. It is very
hard: you cannot cut**

it with a knife ; but the stone cutter can cut it. There is white marble, and black, and grèen, and red, and yellow marble. The chimney piece is made of marble, and the monument in the church.

Stones come out of the ground, and flints. Here are two flints : they are very hard : strike them both together. Ah ! here is fire ; here are sparks. Gravel is dug out of gravel pits. They put it into carts, and then

make gravel walks
with it, or else mend
the roads with it.—
Chalk and fuller's
earth are dug out of
the ground. Coals
come out of the ground.
Men dig great deep
pits, and so they go
down into them, and

get the coal with pick-axes, and bring it up. Those men are colliers; they are very black, but I do not know how we should do for coals to make a fire without them. A great many things come out of the ground; sure

it is very deep ! Yes,
it is very deep. If
you were to dig a
hundred years, you
would never come to
the bottom, it is so
deep.

Charles, here is a
ring for you to play
with. See how it

**sparkles ! Hold it
against the sun. I see
all colours in it. What
is this bright shining
stone? It is a dia-
mond. It is very hard ;
you may write upon
the glass with it. A
ruby is red ; bright
crimson red. An Eme-**

rald is green. A Topaz is yellow. A Sapphire is blue. The Amethyst is purple.—
The Garnet is red.—
The Beryl is light green. All these are dug out of the earth. They are called jewels —precious stones.—

And here is a white round bead, which is very pretty ; it is in an ear-ring. What is it ? It is a Pearl. And does that come out of the ground too ? No, it comes out of the sea. Pearls are found in oyster-shells.

Will stones melt in the fire ? No.

Does glass come out of the ground ? No. People make glass in a glass-house. They have great fires burning all day and all night. You shall go to a glass-house some

day and see them make it.

A tree has a root that goes under the ground a great way.— The roots are like its legs : the tree could not stand without them.

Then the tree has a trunk ; a large, thick, straight trunk. That is its body. Then the tree has branches.— Those are like arms. They spread out very far. Then there are boughs ; and upon the boughs leaves and blos-

soms. Here is a blossom upon the apple-tree. Will the blossom be always upon the tree? No, it will fall off soon: perhaps it will fall off to-night. But then do you know what comes instead of the blossom? What?

The fruit. After the apple-blossoms there will be apples. Then if the blossom falls off to-night, shall I come here and get an apple to-morrow? No, you must have patience : there will not be ripe apples a great while

yet. There will be first a little, little thing hardly bigger than a pin's head: that will swell and grow bigger every day, and harder, till at last it will come to be a great apple.— But you must not eat it yet; you must let it

hang till the sun has made it red, and till you can pull it off easily. Now it is ripe ; it is as red as your cheeks. Now gather it and eat it.

Has a flower a root too? Yes : here is a cowslip ; we will pull

it up. See, here are roots like strings ; here is the stem of the cowslip ; here is the foot-stalk ; here is the flower-cup ; here are the leaves of the flower ; and a pretty flower it is ; fine yellow with crimson spots. Here

are the seeds. If the seeds are put in the ground when they are ripe, another flower will grow up.

A she Horse is a Mare. A young horse is a colt. A very young horse is a Foal.

A she Lion is a Lioness.

Tiger, Tigress.

Bull, Cow, Calf, Ox.

Boar, Sow, Pig, Hog.

**Sheep, Ram, Ewe,
Lamb, Wether.**

**Dog, Bitch, Puppy,
Whelp.**

Cat, Kitten.

Cock, Hen, Chicken.

**Gander, Goose, Gos-
ling.**

**Drake, Duck, Duck-
ling.**

Eagle, Eaglet.

**Stag, Buck, Doe,
Hart, Hind, Fawn.**

Hare, Leveret.



The Lion lives in a den. He is very strong. He has a great deal of thick yellow hair about his neck. That is his mane. He has very sharp claws : they would tear you to pie-

ces. Look at him—
 He is very angry—
 See, he lashes his sides
 with his tail : his eyes
 sparkle like fire. He
 roars ; how loud he
 roars ! It is very ter-
 rible. He shews his
 sharp teeth. His tongue
 is very rough. The

Lion sleeps all day in his den. When it is night he comes out, and prowls about to find something to eat. He eats cows, and sheep, and horses; and he would eat you too, if you were within his reach. The

Lioness has no mane.
She is like a great
dog. Any body would
be afraid of a Lion if
he was to come. Yes,
any body would be
afraid of a Lion,
Charles : but you need
not be afraid of dogs,
they are good crea-

tures. I will tell you a story.

There was once a little boy, who was a sad coward. He was afraid of every thing almost. He was afraid of the two little kids, Nanny and Billy, when they came and put

their noses through
the pales of the court;
and he would not
pluck Billy by the
beard. What a silly
little boy he was.—
Pray what was his
name? Nay, indeed, I
shall not tell you his
name, for I am asham-

ed of him. Well, he was very much afraid of dogs too : he always cried if a dog barked, and ran away, and took hold of his mamma's apron like a baby. What a foolish fellow he was ! for dogs do not hurt,

you know; they love little boys, and play with them. Did you ever see a dog eat up a little boy? No, never, I dare say.— Well; so this simple little boy was walking by himself one day, and a pretty black

dog came out of a house, and said Bow wow, bow wow; and came to the little boy, and jumped upon him, and wanted to play with him; but the little boy ran away.— The dog ran after him, and cried louder, bow,

bow, wow ; but he only meant to say, Good-morrow, how do you do ? but this little boy was sadly frightened, and ran away as fast as ever he could, without looking before him, and he tumbled into a very

dirty ditch, and there he lay crying at the bottom of the ditch, for he could not get out: and I believe he would have lain there all day, but the dog was so good natured, that he went to the house where the little

boy lived, on purpose to tell them where he was. So, when he came to the house, he scratched at the door, and said, Bow wow; for he could not speak any plainer. So they opened the door.

What do you want, you black dog? We do not know you. Then the dog went to Ralph the servant, and pulled him by the coat, and pulled him till he brought him to the ditch; and the dog and Ralph together got

the little boy out of the ditch ; but he was all over mud, and quite wet, and every body laughed at him because he was a coward.

Now, Charles, my pen is tired, I cannot write any more at present ; but if you are

**a good boy, perhaps
I may write you some
more stories another
time. Farewell.**

THE END.

LESSONS
FOR
C H I L D R E N .

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART. IV.

FOR CHILDREN

FROM

THREE TO FOUR YEARS OLD.

SECOND EDITION.

BOSTON:
WELLS AND LILLY—COURT-STREET.

.....

1825,

LESSONS FOR CHILDREN

From three to four years old.

CHARLES, here are
more stories for you,
—stories about good
boys, and naughty
boys, and silly boys :

for you know what it
is to be good now.
And there is a story
about two foolish
Cocks that were
always quarrelling,
which is very naughty.
You do not quarrel?
No. I am glad of it;
but if you see any

little boys that quarrel
you may tell them the
story of the Two
Cocks. This is it:—

There was once a
Hen who lived in
a farm-yard, and she
had a large brood of
chickens. She took a
great deal of care of

them, and gathered them under her wings every night, and fed them, and nursed them very well : and they were all very good, except two Cocks, that were always quarrelling with one another. They were

hardly out of the shell before they began to peck at each other; and when they grew bigger they fought till they were all bloody. If one picked up a barley-corn, the other always wanted to have it. They never look-

ed pretty, because
their feathers were
pulled off in fighting
till they were quite
bare ; and they peck-
ed at one another's
eyes till they were
both almost blind.
The old Hen very
often told them how

naughty it was to quarrel so ; but they did not mind her.

So one day these two Cocks had been fighting, as they always did ; and the biggest Cock, whose name was Chanticleer, beat the other, and

**crowed over him, and
drove him quite out
of the yard. The
Cock that had been
beat slunk away and
hid himself; for he
was vexed he had
been conquered, and
he wanted sadly to
be revenged; but he**

did not know how to manage it, for he was not strong enough himself. So, after thinking a great deal, he went to an old sly Fox that lived near, and said to him, Fox, if you will come with me I will shew you

where there is a large fat Cock in a farm-yard, and you may eat him up if you will. The Fox was very glad, for he was hungry enough ; and he said, Yes, I will come with all my heart, and I will not

leave a feather of him.
So they went together.
and the Cock shewed
Reynard the way into
the farm-yard, and
there was poor Chan-
ticleer asleep upon
the perch. And the
Fox seized him by
the neck, and ate him

up ; and the other Cock stood by and crowed for joy. But when the Fox had done, he said, Chanticleer was very good, but I have not had enough ; and so he flew upon the other Cock, and ate him up too in a moment.

I will tell you a story.

There was a little boy whose name was Harry; and his papa and mamma sent him to school. Now Harry was a clever fellow,

and loved his book ;
and he got to be first
in his class. So his
mamma got up one
morning very early,
and called Betty the
maid, and said, Betty,
I think we must make
a cake for Harry, for
he has learned his

book very well. And Betty said, Yes, with all my heart. So they made a nice cake. It was very large and stuffed full of plums and sweetmeats, orange and citron; and it was iced all over with sugar: it was white

and smooth on the top like snow. So this cake was sent to the school. When little Harry saw it he was very glad, and jumped about for joy; and he hardly stayed for a knife to cut a piece, but gnawed it

like a little dog. So he ate till the bell rang for school and after school he ate again, and ate till he went to bed : nay, his bed-fellow told me that he laid his cake under his pillow, and sat up in the night to

eat some. So he ate till it was all gone.— But presently after this little boy was very sick, and ill, and every body said I wonder what is the matter with Harry—he used to be so brisk, and play about

more nimbly than any of the boys; and now he looks pale and is very ill. And somebody said, Harry has had a rich cake, and eat it all up very soon, and that has made him ill. So they sent for Dr. Camo-

mile, and he gave him I do not know how much bitter stuff. Poor Harry did not like it at all, but he was forced to take it, or else he would have died, you know. So at last he got well again, but his mamma

said she would send him no more cakes.

Now there was another boy, who was one of Harry's school-fellows; his name was Peter; the boys used to call him Peter Careful. And Peter had written his mam-

ma a very neat pretty letter—there was not one blot in it all. So his mamma sent him a cake. Now Peter thought with himself, I will not make myself sick with this good cake, as silly Harry did; I will

keep it a great while. So he took the cake, and tugged it up stairs. It was very heavy : he could hardly carry it. And he locked it up in his box, and once a day he crept sliily up stairs, and ate a very

little piece, and then locked his box again. So he kept it several weeks, and it was not gone, for it was very large ; but, behold ! the mice got into his box and nibbled some. And the cake grew dry and mouldy, and

at last was good for nothing at all. So he was obliged to throw it away, and it grieved him to the very heart, and nobody was sorry for him.

Well; there was another little boy at the same school whose

name was Billy. And one day his mamma sent him a cake, because she loved him dearly, and he loved her dearly. So when the cake came, Billy said to his school-fellows, I have got a cake, come let us go

and eat it. So they came about him like a parcel of bees; and Billy took a slice of cake himself, and then gave a piece to one, and a piece to another, and a piece to another, till it was almost gone. Then

Billy put the rest by, and said, I will eat it to-morrow. So he went to play, and the boys all played together very merrily. But presently after an old blind Fiddler came into the court; he had a long white

beard ; and, because he was blind, he had a little dog in a string to lead him. So he came into the court, and sat down upon a stone, and said, My pretty lad, if you will, I will play you a tune. And they

all left off their sport,
and came and stood
round him. And Billy
saw that while he
played the tears ran
down his cheeks.
And Billy said, Old
man why do you cry?
And the old man said,
Because I am very

hungry—I have no-
body to give me any
dinners or suppers—I
have nothing in the
world but this little
dog; and I cannot
work. If I could
work I would. Then
Billy went, without
saying a word, and

fetches the rest of his cake, which he had intended to have eaten another day, and he said, Here, old man! here is some cake for you. The old man said, Where is it? for I am blind, I cannot see it. So Billy put

it into his hat. And the Fiddler thanked him, and Billy was more glad than if he had eaten ten cakes.

Pray which do you love best? do you love Harry, or Peter, or Billy best?

Little boy, come to me. Tell me how far from home you have been in your life? I think I should like to go a great long way with you, and see what we could see :

for there are a great many places in the world besides home. Bring your hat. Good-bye, Papa. Farewell, Billy, and Harry, and every body. We are going a great way off. And we shall go down the lane, and through

the church-yard,
by the corner-
and over the soil
we have got quite
the fields. But
of the fields will
be it will be
days again to
go. And the
be yellow the

white flowers, and
grass, and trees, and
hedges; and the grass-
hoppers will chirp,
chirp, under our feet.
Do not try to catch
them; it will only
hinder us, and we
have a great way to
go.

Pray what are those pretty creatures that look so meek and good-natured, and have soft thick white wool upon their backs, like a great coat, and make a noise like the little baby when it cries? Those are sheep

and lambs. And, what are those creatures with horns, that are bigger than the sheep? Some of them are black, and some red: they make a loud noise, but they do not look as if they would hurt any body. Those

... that
 ... Stroke ...
 ... can't ...
 ... and look ...
 ... we can't ...
 ... house ...
 ... we can ...
 ... of the ...
 ... Bed ...
 ...

look back. Now we cannot see the church at all. Farewell ! We are going a great way. Shall we ever come back again ? Yes, we shall come back again ; but we must go on now. Come, make haste.

What is that tall thing that has four great arms which move very fast? I believe, if I was near it, they would strike me down. It is a Wind-mill. Those arms are the sails. The wind turns them round. And

what is a wind-mill
for? It is to grind
corn. You could have
no bread if the corn
were not ground.
Well, but here is a
river; how shall we
do to get over it?
Why, do not you see
how those ducks do?

they swim over. But
I cannot swim. Then
you must learn to
swim, I believe : it is
too wide to jump over.
O here is a Bridge !
Somebody has made a
bridge for us quite
over the river. That
somebody was very

good, for I do not know what we should have done without it; and he was very clever too. I wonder how he made it. I am sure I could not make such a bridge.

Well, we must go on, on, on; and we

shall see more rivers
and more fields, and
towns bigger than our
town a great deal—
larger towns, and fine
churches, streets, and
people——more than
there is at the fair.
And we shall have a
great many high hills

to climb. I believe I must get somebody to carry the little boy up those high hills. And sometimes we shall go through dusty sandy roads ; and sometimes through green lanes, where we shall hear the birds

sing. Sometimes we shall go over wide commons, where we shall see no trees, nor any house; and large heaths, where there is hardly any grass—only some purple flowers, and a few black-nosed little sheep. Ha! did

**you see that pretty
brown creature that
ran across the path?
Here is another; and
look! there is another:
there are a great
many. They are Rab-
bits. They live here,
and make themselves
houses in the ground.**

This is a rabbit warren.

Now we are come amongst a great many trees—more trees than there are in the orchard by a great many ; and taller trees. There is oak, and ash, and elm. This is a

**Wood. What great
boughs the trees have !
like thick arms. The
sun cannot shine a-
mongst the trees, they
are so thick. Look,
there is a squirrel !
Jumping from one tree
to another. He is**

very nimble. What a pretty tail he has !

Well ; when we have gone on a great many days, through a great many fields and towns, we shall come to a great deep water, bigger a great many times than the river,

for you can see over
the river, you know—
you can see fields on
the other side : but
this is so large, and
so wide, you can see
nothing but water,
as far as ever you
can carry your eyes.
And it is not smooth,

like the river; it is all rough, like the great pot in the kitchen when it is boiling. And it is so deep, it would drown you if you were as tall as two church steeples. I wonder what they call this great water!

there is an old, old fisherman, sitting upon a stone drying himself; for he is very wet. I think we will ask him. Pray, fisherman, what is this great water? It is the sea: did you never hear of the sea? What! is

this great water the same sea that is in our map at home? Yes, it is. Well, this is very strange! we are come to the sea that is in our map. But it is very little in the map. I can lay my finger over it.

Yes ; it is little in the map, because every thing is little in the map : the towns are little, and the rivers are little.

Pray, fisherman, is there any thing on the other side of this sea ? Yes ; fields and

towns, and people.
Will you go and see
them? I should like
to go very well; but
how must we do to
get over? for there is
no bridge here. Do
not you see those
great wooden boxes
that swim upon the

water? They are bigger than all Papa's house. There are tall poles in the middle as high as a tree. Those are masts.—— See! now they are spreading the sails. Those white sheets are the sails. They

are like wings. These wooden boxes are like houses with wings. Yes, and I will tell you what, little boy! they are made on purpose to go over the sea; and the wind blows them along faster than a horse can

trot. What do they call them? They call them ships. You have seen a ship in a picture. Shall we get in? What have those men in the ship got on? They have jackets and trowsers on, and checked shirts. They

are sailors. I think we will make you a sailor ; and then instead of breeches you must have a pair of trowsers. Do you see that sailor, how he climbs up the ropes ? He is very nimble. He runs up like a

monkey. Now he is
at the top of the mast.
How little he looks!
But we must get in.
Come, make haste:
they will not stay for
us. What are you
doing? picking up
shells! We must get
into a boat first, be-

cause the ship is not
near enough. Now
we are in.

Now we are upon
the great sea. Blow,
blow, wind! Sail
away ship! There are
little rooms in the
ship. Those little
rooms are called ca-

bins. Let us walk about, and look at the ship. Why you cannot walk steady : I am afraid you are tipsey ! Because the ship rolls about. But the sailors can walk steady. The sea is not like the river ; it

is greenish. Well; here is water enough if we should be thirsty. Yes, here is water enough; but you would not like to drink it. It is salt and bitter. You could not drink it. How fast we go! Now the fields are a

great way off. Now we cannot see any green fields at all, nor any houses, nor any thing but the great deep water. It is water all round as far as ever we can see. Yes, and sky; we can see the sky too. All

sky over our heads,
and all water every
where round us ! Do
not be afraid, little
boy ! Blow, blow wind !
sail away ship ! I see
some things in the sea
at a great distance.
Those are more ships
and boats. How very

small: they are! they
look like nut shells
in a great pond. O,
now we are coming
to the green fields and
towns on the other
side of the sea! I
can see them a little.
Now I can see them
very plain. And here

is a little piece of green land, with the water running all round it. That is an island. A piece of land with water all round it, is an island. But we are not going there; we are going to the great land.

Now we are at the land. Get out of the ship. Pray, what country is this? This is France. France! why France is in the map too. And pray what is the name of that country we came from, where we live, and

**where papa lives? It is
England. And the deep
sea is between France
and England? Yes,
you know it is so in
the map.**

**O, France is a
pretty place! It is
warmer than our coun-
try: and here are**

pretty flowers, and fine fruit, and large grapes. I never saw such large grapes in all my life. And the vines grow in the fields; they do not grow against walls, as our vines do. And there are a great many people, men and women, and little boys

and girls, singing, and dancing about, and so merry ! nothing can be like it. I think we will live here, and send for papa, and Arthur. Let us go and talk with those people. Here, you little girl ! pray give us some of

your nice fruit. *Serviteur Monsieur.* what do you say, little girl? I do not understand you. I cannot help that. Here is an old man cutting the vines; we will speak to him. Pray, old man, will you give us some of

your fruit? We are
come a great way to
see you. *Serviteur*
Monsieur. What do
you say? We do not
know what *Serviteur*
Monsieur is. It is
French. But we do
not understand French.
I cannot help that;

**you must go home
and learn. And why
do you speak French?
Because this is France.
Did not you know
that every body speaks
French in France? Ha,
ha, ha! He, he, he!
Ho, ho, ho! Here is
a foolish little boy**

come a great way over
the sea, and does not
know that every body
speaks French in
France. Ha, ha, ha!
He, he, he! Ho, ho,
ho! Here is a foolish
little boy come a great
way over the sea, and
does not know that

**every body speaks
French in France.**

**Ha, ha, ha! He, he,
he! Ho, ho, ho!—**

**What shall we do, lit-
tle boy? every body
laughs at us; and all
the little birds twitter
and chirp at us. We
will go home again.**

**Farewell, France ! We
will not go to France
again till papa has
taught us to talk
French. Let us get
into the ship again.
Blow, wind ! sail away,
ship ! Now we are got
back again. Pray, pa-
pa, teach the little boy**

**French before he goes
a great way abroad
again.**

**I will tell you a
story about two little
boys, Sam and Harry
—One fine summer's
day Sam was walking**

home from school, over the fields. He sauntered slowly along, for it was very pleasant, and he was reading in a pretty story-book which he had just bought with his week's money, and sometimes he lay down under a

tree and read, and the birds sung over his head, and he was a happy little boy. Well, at length, he got over a stile and came into the high road, and there was a gate across the road, and a blind beggar stood

holding the gate open,
and said, Pray bestow
a halfpenny. But Sam
gave him nothing.
What! did Sam give
the poor blind beggar
nothing? No, because
he had nothing to give,
for, as I told you, he
had spent his money.

So he walked through and looked rather sorrowful. And in a minute or two afterwards, a smart curricule came driving down to the gate, and Harry and his Mamma were in it. And the blind man stood and held his

hat. Let us give the poor blind man something, said Harry immediately to his Mamma. So his Mamma gave him a handful of halfpence which she had just received from the last turnpike man. And Harry took them

eagerly, but instead of putting them into the poor man's hat, which he held out for them, he threw the whole handful as far as he could scatter them into the hedge. The poor man could not find them there you know, and looked very me-

lancholy ; but, Sam,
who had turned his
head to look at the
fine curricie, saw
Harry fling the half-
pence, and came back,
and looked carefully
in the hedge, and in
the grass, and all a-
bout, till one by one,
he had found all the

halfpence ; and, besides the trouble he had, it took him so much time, that he almost lost his dinner by coming too late. Now pray which do you think was most kind to the poor blind man, Harry or Sam? I

**know very well which
he thanked most in
his heart.**

**You know how many
legs a horse has?
Yes, a Horse has four
legs. And do you
know what an animal**

is called that has four legs? It is called a Quadruped. The Cow is a quadruped; and the Dog, and the Lion, and all the beasts. But birds are not quadrupeds, for they have only two legs. Some quadrupeds have

**hoofs. The Horse has
hoofs ; so has the Ass,
and the Cow : but the
Dog has no hoofs ; the
Dog has toes with
claws ; so the dog is
not hoofed, but digi-
tated ; and the Cat,
and the squirrel, and
a great many more,**

are digitated. The hoof of the Horse is whole, it is all in one piece ; but the hoof of the cow is parted, as if it were two hoofs. That is being cloven-footed ; the hoof is cloven. The Cow, and the Sheep, and the

**Hog, and the Stag,
are all cloven-footed ;
but the Horse, and the
Ass, have whole hoofs.**

**What a pretty sight
a poultry-yard is !
There is the Hen
chuckling, the Cock**

strutting about, the Peacock spreading his tail, the Drake shewing his fine plumage as he sails in the pond, the Turkeys gobbling, and the Guinea Hens crying, 'Come back, Come back,' for which rea-

son in Norfolk they call them *Comebacks*. But these fowls are very jealous of a new comer, and often treat him very ill. I will tell you a little story about that.—There was a gentleman who had a yard full of all these

kinds of fowls, and they lived very sociably together, but one day the gentleman bought a Bantam Cock and sent him in among them. He was very finely mottled and feathered down to the toes ; but, for some

reason or other, the rest took a dislike to him. I think it very probable the Bantam might be saucy, and give himself airs, for a Bantam is a great coxcomb, and struts about, and seems to think himself as tall

as a Turkey Cock. Well, somehow he had affronted them, so all the fowls in the yard got together, and made a circle round him, and a couple of Guinea fowls took him by the wings, and dragged him to the

pond, where they fairly gave him a good ducking, and all the fowls that stood by seemed much pleased with the operation. But when the master of the yard was told of it next day, he ordered his man John,

to take the two Guinea fowls and give them a ducking in the same pond, which was done, and I dare say you think they were served very right.

I will tell you another story. William and Edward were two clever little boys, and not at all ill-natured, but they were very fond of sport, and they did not care whether

people were hurt or no, provided they could but laugh. So one fine summer's day, when they had said their lessons, they took a walk through the long grass in the meadows. William began to blow the Dande-

hions, and the feather-
ed seeds flew in the
wind like arrows, but
Edward said, 'Let us
tie the grass, it will
be very good sport to
tie the long grass over
the path, and to see
people tumble upon
their noses as they

run along, and do not suspect any thing of the matter. So they tied it in several places, and then hid themselves to see who would pass. And presently a farmer's boy came trudging along, and down he tumbled,

and lay sprawling on the ground, however he had nothing to do but to get up again, so there was not much harm done this time. Then there came Susan the milk-maid tripping along with her milk-pail upon her

shoulders, and singing like a lark. When her foot struck against the place where the grass was tied, down she came with her pail rattling about her shoulders, and her milk was all spilt upon the ground. Then Ed-

ward said, Poor Susan ! I think I should not like to be served so myself, let us untie the grass. No, no, said William, if the milk is spilt there are some pigs that will lick it up, let us have some more fun ; I see

a man running along as if he were running for a wager. I am sure he will fall upon his nose. And so the man did, and William and Edward both laughed ; but when the man did not get up again they began to be

frightened, and went up to him and asked him if he was hurt. O masters, said the man, some thoughtless boys, I do not know who they are, have tied the grass together over the path, and as I was running with

all my might it threw me down, and I have sprained my ankle so that I shall not be able to walk for a month. I am very sorry, said Edward; have you a great deal of pain? O yes, said the man, but that I

do not mind, but I was going in a great hurry to fetch a surgeon to bleed a gentleman who is in a fit, and they say he will die if he is not bled. Then Edward and William both turned pale as ashes,

and said, Where does the surgeon live? we will go for him, we will run all the way. He lives at the next town, said the man, but it is a mile off, and you cannot run so fast as I should have done; you are

only boys. Where must we tell the surgeon to come to? said William. He must come to the white house, at the end of the long chesnut avenue, said the man; he is a very good gentleman that lives there.

O it is papa! it is
our dear papa! said
the two boys. Oh
papa will die, what
must we do!—I do
not know whether
their papa died or no,
I believe he got well
again; but I am sure
of one thing, that Ed.

ward and William
never tied the grass
to throw people down
again as long as they
lived.

See ! I have brought
you a picture, what
is it a picture of ?

It is a picture of a horse.

Is it *like* a horse?

O yes, very like. How well he holds his head. What a fine mane. How he stretches out his legs. He is galloping along very fast indeed.

What is this word
that is written under?

That is *Horse* too.

Is that *like* a horse?

I do not know. I
do not quite under-
stand the question, it
means horse.

If you were to
shew it a Frenchman,

that had not learned English, would he know that it means horse?

No, not till he was told.

If you were to ask him what word means Horse, what would he say?

He would say *Cheval.*

But if you were to shew him this picture, would he know what it is?

Yes, directly.

Or an Italian, or a Spaniard, or a German?

Yes, any body would know it directly, without being told.

If you were to take this picture and cut it in pieces, what would you have?

I should have the head in one piece, and the legs in ano-

ther, and the body in another.

And the legs would be like legs, would they not, and the body like a body?

Yes.

But if you were to take the *word* horse, and cut it in pieces,

what would you have?

I should have letters h, and o, and r, and s, and e.

Would those letters be the legs and head?

No, they would mean nothing.

Could you have known that the word

horse means a horse
before you were told?

No, I remember
learning to read it, I
did not know it
before.

But you would al-
ways have known the
picture of a horse;
your little cousin that

cannot read at all,
and can hardly speak,
knows that, and tries
to neigh when he
sees it. Nay, animals
will know a picture
if it is very well
done; there is a story
of a man that painted
a bunch of grapes so

very well that the birds came and pecked at it; but do you think you could have taught a bird to read?

No indeed.

Well, then you see that the *picture* of a horse is really *like* a horse, but the *word* is

not. The word only means horse, because people choose to make it so; any other letters would have done as well. If they had chosen that RAB should mean horse, it would have meant horse; but nobody

could make the picture of an eagle to be the picture of a horse, because a picture must be *like* the thing it is a picture of.

Words are arbitrary marks of our ideas, but you cannot understand that sentence

yet, I have tried to explain the *thing*.

The Ass says, I am a Quadruped ; I am a very patient good creature. I have hoofs, and very long ears : I bray very

loud. The horse is frightened when I bray, and starts back ; but I am very meek, and never hurt any thing. My young ones are colts ; I suckle them. I am not so big as a horse, and I cannot gallop fast,

but I work very hard. Sometimes I carry little boys on my back, two or three at a time, and they whip me, and prick my sides, to make me go faster. I carry greens to market, and turnips, and potatoes ;

and sometimes
 of a great
 man, and now
 goes with wh
 luck is almost
 and I get no
 my dinner ha
 probably thir
 some coarse
 from all the c

and I have no stable to go into as a Horse has ; I always lie out in the fields, in the snow, and in the rain, but I am very contented. I give milk as well as the Cow ; and my milk is very good for people that

are sick, to make
them well again.

Ha! what is there
amongst the furze? I
can see only its eyes.
It has very large full
eyes. It is a Hare. It
is in its form, squat-

ting down amongst the bushes to hide itself, for it is very fearful. The Hare is very innocent and gentle. Its colour is brown; but in countries which are very cold it turns white as snow. It has a short

bushy tail; its lip is parted, and very hairy; and it always moves its lips. Its hind legs are very long, that it may run the better. The Hare feeds upon herbs, and roots, and the bark of young trees, and

green corn ; and sometimes it will creep through the hedge, and steal into the gardens, to eat pinks and a little parsley ; and it loves to play and skip about by moonlight, and to bite the tender blades of grass

when the dew is upon them ; but in the daytime it sleeps in its form. It sleeps with its eyes open, because it is very fearful and timid, and when it hears the least noise it starts and pricks up its large ears.

And when the huntsman sounds his horn, and the poor harmless Hare hears the Dogs coming, then it runs away very swiftly straight forward, stretching its legs, and leaves them all behind. But the Dogs

pursue her, and she grows tired, and cannot run so fast as at first. Then she doubles, and turns, and runs back to her form, that the hounds may not find her; but they run with their noses to the ground,

smelling till they have found her out. So when she has run five or six miles, at last she stops and pants for breath, and can run no further. Then the hounds come up, and tear her, and kill her. Then when she

is dead, her little limbs, which moved so fast, grow quite stiff, and cannot move at all. A snail could go faster than a hare when it is dead : and its poor little heart that beat so quick, is quite still and cold ;

and its round full eyes are dull and dim ; and its soft furry skin is all torn and bloody. It is good for nothing now but to be roasted.

All birds that swim in the water are web-footed. Their toes are joined together by

a skin that grows between them ; that is being web-footed ; and it helps the birds to swim well, for then their feet are like the fins of a fish.

The Swan says my name is Swan ; I am a large bird, larger

than a goose. My bill is red, but the sides of it are black, and I have black about my eyes. My legs are dusky, but my feet are red, and I am web-footed. My body is all white, as white as snow, and

very beautiful. I have a very long neck. I live in rivers and lakes. I eat plants that grow in the water, and seeds, and little insects, and snails. I do not look pretty when I walk upon the ground, for I cannot walk well at

all ; but when I am in the water, swimming smoothly along, arching my long neck, and dipping my white breast, with which I make way though the water, I am the most graceful of all birds. I build my nest in a

little island amongst
the reeds and rushes.
I make it of sticks
and long grass : it is
very large and high.
Then I lay my eggs,
which are white, and
very large, larger a
great deal than a
goose's egg ; and I

sit upon them for two months ; then they are hatched, and my young ones come out. They are called cygnets. They are not white at first, but greyish. If any body was to come near me when I am in my nest, sit-

ting upon my eggs,
or when I have my
young ones, I should
fly at him; for I am
very fierce to defend
my young: and if you
were to come to take
them away, I should
beat you down with
my strong pinion, and

perhaps break your
arm. I live a very
great while.

The sun says, My
name is Sun. I am
very bright. I rise
in the east; and when
I rise then it is day.
I look in at your
window with my

**bright golden eye, and
tell you when it is
time to get up; and I
say, Sluggard, get up :
I do not shine for
you to lie in your
bed and sleep, but I
shine for you to get
up and work, and
read and walk about.**

**I am a great traveller,
I travel all over the
sky ; I never stop,
and I never am tired.
I have a crown upon
my head of bright
beams, and I send
forth my rays every
where. I shine upon
the trees and the**

houses, and upon the water; and every thing looks sparkling and beautiful when *I* shine upon it. *I* give you light, and *I* give you heat, for *I* make it warm. *I* make the fruit ripen, and the corn ripen. If *I* did

not shine upon the
fields and upon the
gardens nothing would
grow. *I* am up very
high in the sky, high-
er than all trees, high-
er than the clouds,
higher than every
thing. *I* am a great
way off. If *I* were

to come nearer you I should scorch you to death, and I should burn up the grass, for I am all made of hot glowing fire. I have been in the sky a great while. Four years ago there was no Charles; Charles

was not alive then,
but there was a Sun.
I was in the sky before
papa and mamma
were alive, a great
many long years ago;
and I am not grown
old yet. Sometimes I
take off my crown of
bright rays, and wrap

up my head in thin
silver clouds, and
then you may look at
me; but when there
are no clouds, and I
shine with all my
brightness at noon-
day, you cannot look
at me, for I should
dazzle your eyes, and

**make you blind.
Only the Eagle can
look at me then : the
Eagle with his strong
piercing eye can gaze
upon me always. And
when I am going to
rise in the morning
and make it day, the
Lark flies up in the**

sky to meet me, and
sings sweetly in the
air; and the Cock
crows loud to tell ev-
ery body that I am
coming: but the Owl
and the Bat fly away
when they see me, and
hide themselves in old
walls and hollow

**trees : and the Lion
and the Tiger go into
their dens and caves,
where they sleep all
the day. I shine in
all places. I shine
in England and in
France, and in Spain,
and all over the
earth. I am the most**

**beautiful and glorious
creature that can be
seen in the whole
world.**

**The Moon says, My
name is Moon ; I
shine to give you
light in the night**

when the sun is set.
I am very beautiful
and white like silver.
You may look at me
always, for I am not
so bright as to dazzle
your eyes, and I ne-
ver scorch you. I am
mild and gentle. I let
even the little glow-

worms shine, which are quite dark by day. The stars shine all round me, but I am larger and brighter than the stars, and I look like a large pearl amongst a great many small sparkling diamonds. When you are

asleep I shine through
your curtains with my
gentle beams, and I
say, Sleep on, poor
little tired boy, I will
not disturb you. The
nightingale sings to
me, who sings better
than all the birds of
the air. She sits upon

a thorn and sings melodiously all night long, while the dew lies upon the grass, and every thing is still and silent all around.

THE END.

